THE SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD,

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF

All the MERRY EXPLOITS

Done by HIM and his MEN

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

To which is prefix'd,

A PREFACE,

Giving a more full and particular Account of Him, than any hitherto publiſh'd.

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THERE is ſcarce any Story ſo little known, for one ſo very popular, as that of Robin Hood *and* Little John. *Numbers there are, who look upon all that is ſaid of 'em as fabulous, and believe 'em (like the Heroes and Gods of* Homer *and* Ovid) *to have exiſted no where but in the fertile Brain of of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion only of a few unthinking People: I have often heard it aſſerted by men of good Senſe; but that they are miſtaken, is very certain: For King* Richard I. *tranſported with Zeal, blindly ſacrific'd every Thing to it, and ruin'd himſelf and almoſt his whole Nation, to carry on a War againſt the* Infidels *in the* Holy Land, *where he went in Perſon. The inteſtine Troubles of England were very great at that Time; and even* John, *the King's Brother, cabal'd to dethrone him, and take Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom: This was an Opportunity, which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no Means neglect; and England was every where infeſted with Thieves and Robbers. But, amongſt theſe, none made ſo conſiderable a Figure as* Robin Hood; *who, as Hiſtorians aſſure*

us, chiefly reſided in Yorkſhire; *but who, if we may give any Credit to moſt of our old Songs, was very converſant in the County of* Nottingham. *Beſides* Little John, *he had an hundred Bowmen of his Retinue. But none but the Rich ſtood in Awe of him: So far from hurting the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he ſeldom abus'd thoſe he robb'd; and never offer'd to ſtop or rifle any Woman. It is not very poſitively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Hiſtorians is, that he was a Nobleman, by Birth noble, and created an Earl, for ſome conſiderable Service done to his Country in War. But having riotouſly ſpent his Eſtate, he took to that Way of Living; rather chuſing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread.* Hubert, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *and Chief Juſticiary of England, endeavouring all he could to ſuppreſs theſe Robbers and Outlwas, ſet a very conſiderable Price upon the Head of* Robin Hood; *and ſeveral Stratagems were uſed to apprehend him; but all their Attempts prov'd fruitleſs. Force, he repell'd by Force, and Art by Cunning; 'till at length falling ſick, he went (in Order to be the better taken care of) to* Berkley's, *a Nunnery in* Yorkſhire *where he deſired to be let Blood; but the Reward ſet upon his Head, being very conſiderable, prov'd a Temptation to ſome who knew him, by whom he was betray'd, and, inſtead of Bleeding as he deſir'd, he was blooded to Death, about he latter End of* 1195.

THE SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

SONG I.

The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Titbury-Feaſt. Supposed to be related by the Fidler who played at their Wedding.

KIND gentlemen will you be ſilent awhile?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his brave man Little John.

In Lockſley town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Lockſley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a foreſter was,
And he ſhot with a luſty ſtrong bow,
Two north-country miles and an inch at a ſhoot,
As the pindar of Wakefield does know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdel-lee,
To ſhoot with a foreſter for forty marks,
And the foreſter beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickſhire men call Sir Guy,
For he ſlew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or my hoſt at the Bull tells a lye.

Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell-hall,
A noble houſe-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'ſquire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin ſaid to her huſband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamewell,
To taſte of my brother's good cheer.

And he ſaid, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan;
Take one of my horſes, I pray;
The ſun is ariſing, and therefore make haſte,
For to-morrow is Chriſtmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And ſaddled and bridled was he;
God wot a blue bonnet, his new ſuit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were all of a Lincoln green;
The cloth was home-ſpun, but for colour and make
It might have beſeem'd our queen.

And then Robin got on his baſket-hilt ſword,
And his dagger on the other ſide;
And ſaid, my dear mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride,

When Robin was mounted on his gelding ſo grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Sit her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and ſhook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
'Till they 'lighted at Gamewell-hall.

And

And now you may think the right worſhipful 'ſquire
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
For he kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great [oath,
Thou art welcome kind ſiſter to me.

The morrow, when maſs had been ſaid at the chapel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'ſquire and makes a ſhort ſpeech,
It was, gentlemen, you're welcome all.

But not a man here ſhall taſte my March beer,
Till a Chriſtmas carol he does ſing;
Then all clapp'd their hands, and they ſhouted and [ſung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now muſtard and brawn, roaſt beef and plumb pies,
Were ſet upon every table;
And noble George Gamewell ſaid, eat & be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended his chaplain ſaid grace;
And be merry my friends, ſaid the 'ſquire;
It rains and it blows; but call for more ale,
And lay ſome more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty ſuch tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clowns:
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin put them all down.

And now you may think, the right worſhipful 'ſquire,
Was joyful this ſight for to ſee;
For, he ſaid, Couſin Robin, thou go'ſt no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:

Thou ſhalt have my land when I die, and 'till then
Thou ſhalt be the ſtaff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, ſaid Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he ſaid, kind couſin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, ſo let it be,
Then come hither Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page unto me:

Go fetch me my bow, my longeſt bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;
For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sheerwood,
Some merry paſtime to ſee.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sheerwood,
He winded his bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all, ſaid Robin Hood?
For ſtill I want forty and three;
Then ſaid a bold yeoman, lo yonder they ſtand,
All under a green wood tree.

As that word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the ſhepherds was ſhe;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the graſs,
And her buſkin did reach to her knee:

Her gait it was graceful, her body was ſtraight,
And her countenance it was free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling down by her ſweet ſide.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and ſo was her hair,
And her ſkin was as ſmooth as glaſs;
Her viſage ſpoke wiſdom and modeſty too;
Sets with Robin Hood ſuch a laſs!

Says Robin Hood, fair lady, whither away?
O whither fair lady, away?
And ſhe made him anſwer, to kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury-day.

Said Robin Hood, lady fair, will you wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There ſit down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure
Of a brace, or a leaſh, in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the herd,
And ſhe ſhot him thro' ſide and ſide.

By the faith of my body, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
I never ſaw woman like thee;
And com'ſt thou from eaſt, or com'ſt thou from weſt,
Thou need'ſt not beg ven'ſon of me.

However along to my bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a foreſter's meat;
And when we come thither, we found as good cheer,
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot veniſon, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
And the ſervitors they were, beſides Little John,
Good yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.

Clorinda ſaid, tell me your name, gentle ſir;
And he ſaid, 'tis bold Robin Hood;
'Squire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sheerwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and void of all ſtrife.
So 'tis, ſir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! ſaid bold Robin, how ſweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

She bluſh'd at the motion; yet after a pauſe,
Said, yes, ſir, and with all my heart:
Then let us ſend for a prieſt, ſaid Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But ſhe ſaid, it may not be ſo, gentle ſir,
For I muſt be at Titbury feaſt;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome gueſt.

Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill ſix brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow juſt here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordſhire miles,
Eight yeomen that were too bold,
Bid bold Robin Hood ſtand, and deliver his buck,
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, ſaid bold Robin: Come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat them all.
Then both drew their ſwords, and ſo cut 'em and [ſlaſh'd 'em,
That five of the eight did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives.
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good [counſel,
And ſo ſent them home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bag-pipes baited the bull;
I'm the king of the fidlers, and I ſwear 'tis a truth;
And I call him that doubts it a gull;

For I ſaw them fighting, and fidled the while;
And Clorinda ſung, "Hey derry down!
"The bumkins are beaten; put up thy ſword, bob;
"And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great ſhouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly!
For ſome were a bull back, ſome dancing a morrice,
And ſome ſinging Arthur a-Bradley.

And there we ſaw Thomas, our juſtice's clerk,
And Mary to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;

And ſo may your worſhips. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, ſir Roger the parſon
Of Dubbridge was ſent for in haſte;
He brought his maſs-book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage full faſt.

And

And then as bold Robin Hood and his ſweet bride
Went hand in hand unto the green bower,
The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sheerwood,
And it was a moſt joyful hour.

And when Robin came in ſight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? ſaid he:
And Little John anſwer'd, lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a green wood-tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And placed it on the bride's head:
The muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell to dancing,
'Till the bride and the groom were a-bed.

And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I made haſte home; but I got a good piece
Of bride cake, and ſo came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That married they were with a ring;
And ſo will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden;
And now let us pray for the king,

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us ſome good;
Then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And ſing them in merry Sheerwood.

II.

Robin Hood's progreſs to Nottingham, in which he ſlew Fifteen Foreſters.

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
Of courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foreſters
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.

What news? what news? ſaid bold Robin Hood,
What news fain would'ſt thou know?
Our king has provided a ſhooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in ſcorn, ſaid the fifteen foreſters,
That ever a boy ſo young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one ſtring.

I'll hold you twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
And I'll cauſe a hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty marks then, ſaid the foreſters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit not the mark, an hundred rod,
Nor cauſe the hart to die.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly:
He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And cauſed an hart to die.

Some ſay he broke ribs one or two,
And ſome ſay he broke three;
The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But glanc'd in two or three.

The hart did ſkip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
If it were for a thouſand pounds.

The wager is none of thine, ſaid the foreſters,
Altho' thou be'ſt in haſte,
Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
Leaſt we thy ſides ſhould baſte.

Robin

Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin being pleas'd, began to ſmile
As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen foreſters
Upon the ground did lie.

He that did the quarrel firſt begin,
Went tripping over the plain:
But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
And fetch'd him back again.

You ſaid, I was no archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
But ſay ſo now again;
With that he ſent another arrow after him,
Which ſplit his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, ſays bold Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives to wring,
And wiſh you had never ſaid the word,
That I could not have drawn one ſtring.

The people that did live in fair Nottingham,
Came running out amain,
Suppoſing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the foreſters that were ſlain.

Some loſt legs and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome did loſe their blood:
But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried their foreſters to fair Nottingham,
As many there did know,
They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they bury'd them all on a row.

III.

Robin Hood and the jolly Pindar of Wakefield.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pindar,
In Wakefield all on the green,
In Wakefield all on the green:
There is neither knight nor 'ſquire, ſaid the pindar,
Nor baron ſo bold,
Nor baron ſo bold,
Dare make a treſpaſs to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.

All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they eſpy'd the jolly pindar
As he ſat under a thorn.
Now turn again, now turn again, ſaid the pindar,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forſaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.
O that were a ſhame, ſaid jolly Robin:
We being three, and thou but one.
The pindar leap'd back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.
He lean'd his back faſt to a thorn,
And his foot againſt a ſtone,
And there he fought a long ſummer's day,
And a ſummer's day ſo long.
'Till that their ſwords in their broad bucklers
Were broken faſt in their hands.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the beſt pindars,
That ever I try'd with a ſword.
And wilt thou now forſake thy pindar's craft,
And live in the green wood with me?

At

At Michaelmas next my covenant come out,
When every man gathers his fee,
Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.
Ha'ſt either meat or drink, ſaid Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?
I have both bread and beef, ſaid the pindar,
And good ale of the beſt;
And that's good meat enough, ſaid Robin Hood,
For ſuch unbidden greſts.
O wilt thou forſake thy pindar's craft,
And go to the green wood with me?
Thou ſhalt have a livery twice in a year,
The one green and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
And my maſter had paid me my fee,
Then would I ſet as little by him,
As my maſter doth by me.

IV.

Robin Hood and the Biſhop.

COME gentlemen all, and liſten a-while,
Why a hey down, down, and a down,
And a ſtory to you I'll unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood ſerved the biſhop,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a ſun-ſhining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would ſpend ſome time.
And as he walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpy,
There he was aware of a proud biſhop,
And of all his company.

O what ſhall I do ſaid Robin Hood then.
If the biſhop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll ſhow unto me I know:
Therefore away I'll flee.

Then Robin was ſtout, and turn'd him about,
And a little houſe there he did ſpy;
And to an old wife, to ſpare his life,
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou? ſaid the old woman,
Come tell to me for good;
I am an outlaw, as many do know;
My name, it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the biſhop and all his men:
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my ſpite,
And hanged I ſhall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, ſaid the old woman,
As thou doſt ſeem to be,
I'll for thee provide, thy perſon to hide
From the biſhop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought'ſt me both ſhoes and hoſe;
Therefore I'll provide thy perſon to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me ſoon my coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green:
Thy ſpindle of twine unto me reſign,
And take thou my arrows ſo keen.

And when Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went ſtrait to his company,
With his ſpindle and twine he oft' looks behind
For the biſhop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks ſhe.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood then,
And ſhoot not thy arrows ſo keen:
I am Robin Hood thy maſter good,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

The biſhop he came to the old woman's houſe,
And called with a furious mood,
Come let me ſee, and bring unto me
That traytor Robin Hood.

The old woman ſhe ſet on a milk-white ſteed,
Himſelf on a dapple grey,
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the foreſt along,
The biſhop he chanc'd for to ſee
A hundred brave bowmen, ſtout and bold,
Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the biſhop then ſaid,
That's ranging within yonder wood;
Marry, ſays the old woman, I think it be
A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the biſhop he ſaid,
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a woman thou cuckoldly biſhop,
Lift up my leg, and ſee.

Then woe is me, the biſhop he ſaid,
That ever I ſaw this day:
He turn'd him about but Robin Hood ſtout
Call'd to him and bid him ſtay.

Then Robin took hold of the biſhop's horſe,
And tied him faſt to a tree;
Then little John ſmil'd his maſter upon,
For joy of his company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, ſaid Robin Hood;
Said little John that muſt not be,
For I vow and proteſt he ſhall ſing us a maſs,
Before that he goes from me.

Then Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And bound him faſt to a tree,
And made him ſing a maſs, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey,
And give him the tail within his hand,
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

V.

Robin Hood and the Butcher.

COME all you brave gallants, and liſten a-while,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within:
For of bold Robin Hood that archer good,
A ſong I intend to ſing.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin in the foreſt did 'ſpy
A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
With his fleſh to the market did hye.

Good morrow, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
What food haſt thou? tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he anſwer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going my fleſh to ſell.

What's the price of thy fleſh, ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell it unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be ſhe ever ſo dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.

The price of my fleſh, the butcher reply'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
Four marks thou muſt give unto me.

Four marks I will give thee, ſaid jolly Robin,
Four marks it ſhall be thy fee;
The money come count and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the ſheriff he went
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their ſhops,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to ſell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When the other butchers no meat could ſell,
Robin he got both gold and fee:
For he ſold more meat for one penny,
Then others could do for three.

But when he ſold his meat ſo faſt,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he ſold more meat for one penny,
Then others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To ſtudy as they did ſtand,
Saying, ſurely he was ſome prodigal,
That had ſold his father's land.

The butchers ſtepp'd up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him to be;
Come brother, one ſaid, we be all of one trade,
Come will you go dine with me?

Accurs'd be his heart, ſaid jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As faſt as I can hie.

But when they to the ſheriff's houſe came,
To dinner they hied apace;
And Robin Hood he the man muſt be
Before them all to ſay grace.

Pray God bleſs us all, ſaid jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of ſack ſo good will nouriſh our blood,
And ſo I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let's be merry while we ſtay,
For wine and good chear, be it ever ſo dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

Come brothers, be merry, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er;
For the ſhot I will pay, e'er I go my way,
If it coſts me five pounds, or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then ſaid,
Says the ſheriff, he's ſome prodigal,
That ſome land has ſold for ſilver and gold,
And now he doth mean to ſpend all.

Haſt thou any horned beaſts, ſaid the ſheriff,
Good fellow, to ſell to me?
Yes, that I have, good maſter ſheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.

And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you pleaſe it for to ſee;
And I'll make you as good aſſurance of it,
As ever my father did me.

The ſheriff he ſaddled his good palfrey,
And took three hundred pounds in gold,
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beaſts to behold.

Away then the ſheriff and Robin did ride
To the foreſt of merry Sheerwood,
Then the ſheriff did ſay, God preſerve us this day
From a man they call Robin Hood.

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to 'ſpy
An hundred head of good fat deer
Come tripping the ſheriff full nigh.

How like you my horned beaſts, good maſter ſheriff?
They be fat and fair to ſee.
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

What is your will, maſter, then ſaid Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the ſheriff of Nottingham,
This day to dine with thee.

He is welcome to me then, ſaid Little John,
I hope he will honeſtly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will ſerve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the ſheriff's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey;
O have me commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away.

VI.

Robin Hood and the Tanner.

IN Nottingham there liv'd a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is never a ſquire in Nottinghamſhire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to ſtand.

With

With a long ſtaff upon his ſhoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he made them to flee.
For he hath no liſt to ſtay.

And as he went forth one ſummer's morning,
Into the foreſt of merry Sheerwood,
To view the red deer, that run here and there,
There he met bold Robin Hood.

As ſoon as bold Robin did him eſpy,
He thought the ſame ſport would make,
Therefore out of hand he bid him to ſtand,
And thus unto him did ſpake.

Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangeſt ſo boldly here?
In ſooth, to be brief, thou look'ſt like a thief,
That comes to ſteal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this foreſt,
The king puts me in truſt;
To look to the deer, that runs here and there;
Therefore ſtop thee I muſt.

If thou be'ſt a keeper in this foreſt,
And haſt ſuch a great command,
Yet you muſt have more partakers in ſtore,
Before you make me to ſtand.

No, I have no more partakers in ſtore,
Or, any that I do need;
But I have a ſtaff of another oak craft,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy ſword and thy bow I care not a ſtraw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot,
If thou get'ſt a knock upon thy bare ſcop,
Thou can'ſt as well ſh—t as ſhoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me?
Elſe I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry

Marry gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou ſuch a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking ſo big,
Mend yourſelf where you can.

Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow ſo long:
He took up a ſtaff of another oak craft
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.

I yield to thy weapon ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yeild to mine:
For I have a ſtaff of another craft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
Before we begin the pray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My ſtaff is of oak ſo free;
Eight feet and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock;
But quickly and ſoon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten of the clock.

Then Arthur ſoon recov'd himſelf,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every ſide of Robin Hood's head
The blood ran trickling down.

Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar,
As ſoon as he ſaw his own blood:
Then Bland was in haſte, he laid on ſo faſt,
If he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they luſtily dealt,
Which held for two hours or more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work ſo ſore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall;
For here we may thraſh our bones all to maſh,
And get no coin at all.

And in the foreſt of merry Sheerwood
Hereafter thou ſhalt be free:
God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good ſtaff, and not thee.

What tradeſman art thou, ſaid jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me ſhow?
And alſo me tell, in what place you dwell?
For both of theſe fain would I know,

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and ſwear,
I'll tan your hide for nought.

God a-mercy, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou art ſo kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thon wilt forſake thy tanner's trade,
To live in green wood with me.
My name is Robin Hood, I ſwear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's ſide,
And he is my kinſman dear.

Then

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and ſhrill;
And quick and anon, he ſaw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.

O what is the matter? then ſaid Little John,
Maſter I pray you tell;
Why do you ſtand with your ſtaff in your hand?
I fear all is not well.

O man I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
The tanner that ſtands by my ſide;
He is a bonny blade and maſter of his trade,
For has ſoundly tann'd my hide.

He is to be commended, then ſaid Little John,
If he ſuch a feat can do;
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And he ſhall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
For, as I do underſtand,
He's a yeoman good of thy own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

With loving reſpect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
And danced about the oak tree,
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be.

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We three will be as one:
The wood it ſhall ring, and the old wife ſing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

VII.

Robin Hood and the jolly Tinker.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
And birds ſing on every tree,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
As faſt as he could dree.

And as he came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And ſeeing him a luſty blade,
He did him kindly greet:

Where doſt thou dwell? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell;
Sad news I here there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker ſaid,
Tell me without delay;
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbury.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were ſet in the ſtocks,
For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the tinker ſaid,
As I may ſay to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all be true.

For drinking of good ale and beer,
You will not looſe your part.
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou doſt hear;
Seeing thou go'ſt from town to town,
Some news thou need'ſt not fear.

All

All the news I have, the tinker ſaid
I hear it is for good,
It is to ſeek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he his,
I will make you a man.

The king would give an hundred pounds,
That he could but him ſee:
And if we can but now him get,
It will ſerve thee and me.

Let me ſee the warrant, ſaid Robin Hood,
I will ſee if it be right,
And I will do the beſt I can
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker ſaid,
None with it will I truſt;
And where he is if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I muſt.

BRITISH MUSEUM

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
If you would go to Nottingham,
We ſhall find him I know.

A crab-tree ſtaff the tinker had,
Which was both good and ſtrong,
Robin he had a good ſtrong blade;
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they took up their inn;
And they call'd for ale and wine,
To drink it was no ſin.

But ale and wine they drank ſo faſt,
That the tinker he forgot,
What thing he was about to do,
It fell ſo to his lot;

That, while the tinker fell aſleep,
Robin made haſte away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great ſhot to pay.

But when the tinker did awake,
And ſaw that he was gone,
He call'd out then for the hoſt,
And thus he made his moan.

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
This is to ſeek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But now the warrant and money is gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promiſed to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.

That friend, you ſpeak of, ſaid the hoſt,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that he firſt met with you,
He meant you little good.

Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him here,
The one of us ſhould have try'd our might
Which ſhould have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll abide,
But I will go and ſeek him out,
Whatever me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay:
Ten ſhillings juſt, then ſaid the hoſt.
I'll pay you without delay.

Or elſe take here my working bag,
And my good hammer too,
And if I light but on the knave,
I will then ſoon pay you.

The only way, then ſaid the hoſt,
And not to ſtand in fear,
Is to ſeek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with ſpeed,
And made them no delay,
Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At laſt he 'ſpy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me ſo near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker ſaid,
And that you ſoon ſhall know,
Whether of us has done any wrong,
My crab-tree ſtaff ſhall ſhow.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of truſty ſteel:
But the tinker he laid on ſo faſt,
That he made Robin reel.

Then Robin's anger did ariſe,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinker
Then almoſt fit to fly.

With that they lay'd about again,
And ply'd their wepons faſt;
The tinker thraſh'd his bones ſo ſore,
That he made him yield at laſt.

A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou will grant it me:
Before I do it, the tinker ſaid,
I'll hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow:
Then came unto him Little John,
And Will. Scarlet alſo.

What is the matter? quoth Little John,
You ſit on the highway ſide;
Here is a tinker that ſtands by,
That hath well paid my hide.

What tinker then, ſaid Little John,
Fain that blade would I ſee,
And I would try what I can do,
If he'll do as much for me.

But Robin then he wiſh'd them both
They would the quarrel ceaſe,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinker's part,
A hundred pounds I give
In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a metal man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me ſo afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatſoever we do get,
He ſhall have his full ſhare.

So the tinker he was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
And ſo I end my ſong.

VIII.

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.

COME liſten to me, you gallants ſo free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamſhire.

As Robin Hood in the foreſt ſtood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine could be.

The youngſter was cloathed in ſcarlet red,
In ſcarlet fine and gay;
And he did friſk it over the plain,
And chaunted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning ſtood
Amongſt the leaves ſo gay,
There did he 'ſpy the ſame young man
Come drooping along the way.

The ſcarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean caſt away;
And at every ſtep he fetch'd a ſigh,
Alack and a well a-day!

Then ſtep'd forth brave Little John,
And Midge the millier's ſon,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he ſee them come.

Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me?
You muſt come before our maſter ſtrait,
Under yon green-wood tree.

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſk'd him courteouſly,
O haſt thou any money to ſpare,
For my merry men and me?

I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this ſeven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yeſterday I ſhould have married a maid,
But ſhe ſoon from me was ta'en,
And choſen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is ſlain.

What is thy name? then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell me without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.

What wilt thou give me, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold, or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her up to thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold or fee,
But I will ſwear upon a book,
Thy true ſervant to be.

How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile;
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
It is but five little miles.

Then Robin he haſted over the plain,
He did neither ſtint or lint,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen ſhould keep his wedding.

What haſt thou here, the biſhop then ſaid,
I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the beſt in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the biſhop then ſaid,
That muſic beſt pleaſeth me.
You ſhall have no muſic, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I ſee.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin laſs
Did ſhine like the glittering gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you do ſeem to make here,
For ſince we are come into the church,
The bride ſhall chuſe her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts two or three:
Then four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The firſt man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he ſaid,
Young Allen as I hear ſay,
And you ſhall be marry'd at the ſame time,
Before we depart away.

That ſhall not be, the biſhop he ſaid,
For thy word ſhall not ſtand;
They ſhall be three times aſk'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the biſhop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin he ſaid,
This cloth doth make thee a man.

When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He aſk'd them ſeven times in the church,
Leaſt three times ſhould not be enough.

Who gives this maid, ſaid Little John?
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I,
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly ſhall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride ſhe look'd like a queen;
And ſo they return'd to the merry green wood,
Amongſt the leaves ſo green.

IX.

Robin Hood and the Shepherd.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.

As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There he was aware of a jolly ſhepherd,
That on the ground did lie.

Ariſe, ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
And now come let me ſee
What's in thy bag and bottle, I ſay?
Come tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?
Tell me as I do ſtand;
What haſt thou to do with my bottle and bag?
Let me ſee thy command.

My ſword that hangeth by my ſide,
Is my command, I know;
Come let me taſte of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou ſhalt ſee,
Until thy valour here be try'd,
Whether thou'lt fight or flee.

What ſhall we fight for? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell it unto me:
Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The ſhepherd ſtood all in amaze,
And knew not what to ſay;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I will lay.

I am content, thou ſhepherd ſwain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.

Come draw thy ſword, thou proud fellow,
That ſtandeſt too long to prate;
This hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
A coward I do hate.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
It was on a ſummer's day,
From ten to four in the afternoon
The ſhepherd held him in play.

Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
And ſav'd him many a bang,
For every blow the ſhepherd ſtruck
Made Robin's ſword cry twang.

Many a ſturdy blow the ſhepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud fellow,
And thou ſhalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blaſts but three.

Then ſaid the ſhepherd, to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
For if thou ſhould'ſt blow 'till to morrow morn,
I ſcorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'ſpied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter, ſaid Little John,
Maſter, come tell unto me:
My caſe is ſad, ſaid Robin Hood,
For the ſhepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee, I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it ſhall never be ſaid,
That a ſhepherd's hook, at thy ſturdy look
Will one jot be diſmay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
Striving for victory.
I will know, ſays John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The ſhepherd gave John a ſturdy blow,
With the hook under his chin:
Beſhrew thy heart, ſaid Little John
Thou baſely doſt begin.

Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the ſhepherd,
Either yield to me the day,
Or I will bang thee back and ſides,
Before thou goeſt thy way.

What doſt thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou can'ſt conquer me?
Nay, thou ſhalt know, before I go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the ſhepherd laid on him,
The ſhepherd he begun;
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart ſaid Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of ſhepherd ſwains,
The like I ne'er did ſee.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood.
Alſo of Little John!
How a ſhepherd ſwain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

X.

The famous Battle between Robin Hood and the curtal Fryar, near Fountain-Dale.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green
And flowers are freſh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all diſpos'd to play.

Then ſome would leap, and ſome would run,
And ſome would uſe artillery;
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be?

Which of you can kill a buck?
Or, who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro'?

Will. Scarlet, he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe;
And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro'.

God's bleſſing on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhot ſuch a ſhot for me;
I would ride my horſe an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

That cauſed Will. Scarlet to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
There lives a fryar in Fountain-abbey,
Will. beat both him and thee.

The curtal fryar in Fountain-abbey
Well can a ſtrong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a ſolemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat or drink,
'Till the fryar he did ſee.

Robin Hood put on his harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a truſty tree,
With a ſheaf of arrows by his ſide,
And to Fountain-dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountain-dale,
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of a curtal fryar
Walking by the water ſide.

The fryar had on a harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted from off his horſe,
And tied him to a thorn;
Carry me over the water thou curtal fryar,
Or elſe thy life's forlorn.

The fryar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And neither ſpoke good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.

Lightly ſtept Robin off the fryar's back:
The fryar ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow,
Or it will breed thy pain.

Robin Hood took the fryar on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And ſpoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.

Lightly leapt the fryar off Robin Hood's back,
Bold Robin ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water thou curtal fryar,
Or it ſhall breed thee pain.

The fryar took Robin on his back again,
And ſtept up to his knee,
And 'till he came to the middle ſtream,
Neither good nor bad ſpoke he;

And coming to the middle ſtream,
Then he threw Robin in;
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.

Robin Hood ſwam to buſh of broom,
The fryar to the willow wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the ſhore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of the beſt arrows under his belt
To the fryar he let fly;
The curtal fryar with his ſteel buckler,
Did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou haſt begun,
If thou ſhoot here a ſummer's day,
Thy mark I will not ſhun.

Robin Hood ſhot on ſo paſſing well,
'Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their ſwords and ſteel bucklers,
And fought with might and main.

From ten o'clock that very day,
'Till four in the afternoon,
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the fryar to beg a boon.

A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to ſet my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blaſts three.

That I will do, ſaid the curtal fryar,
Of thy blaſts I have no doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
'Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three:
Half an hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lee.

Whoſe men are theſe, ſaid the fryar,
That come ſo haſtily?
Thoſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, what's that to thee?

A boon, a boon, ſaid the curtal fryar
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to ſet my fiſt to my mouth
And to whute, whutes three.

That will I do ſaid Robin Hood,
Or elſe I were to blame;
Three whutes in a fryar's fiſt
Would make me glad a fain.

The fryar he ſet his fiſt to his mouth,
And whuted him whutes three;
Half a hundred good bay dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,
And I myſelf for thee:
Nay, by my faith, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln-green,
From off his back they tore.

And whether his men ſhot eaſt or weſt,
Or they ſhot north or ſouth,
The curtal dogs, ſo taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouths.

Take up thy dogs, ſaid Little John,
Fryar, at my bidding thee;
Whoſe man art thou? ſaid the curtal fryar,
Comes here to prate to me.

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Fryar, I will not lie:
If thou take not thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He ſhot with might and main:
Soon half a ſcore of the fryar's dogs
Laid dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, ſaid the curtal fryar
Thy maſter and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken
With all the haſte that may be.

If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain-dale,
And Fountain-abbey free,
Every ſunday throughout the year
A noble ſhall be thy fee.

Every ſunday throughout the year
Changed ſhall thy garment be,
And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.

The curtal fryar had kept Fountain-dale,
Seven long years, and more:
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
Could make him yield before.

XI.

Robin Hood newly revived: or, his meeting and fighting with his Couſin Scarlet.

COME liſten awhile, you gentlemen all,
That are this bower within;
For a ſtory of gallant Robin Hood,
I propoſe now to begin.

What time of day? quoth Robin Hood,
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime:
Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood rode the foreſt along,
It was in the midſt of the day;
There he was aware of a deft young man,
As ever walk'd on the way.

His doublet was of ſilk he ſaid,
His ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone;
And bravely he walked along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace.

Now the ſtranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the beſt of all the herd he ſlew,
Full forty yards him fro'.

Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That ſhot it was in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chivan, the ſtanger then ſaid,
Make haſte and quickly go,
Or with my fiſt, be ſure of this,
I'll give thee buffets ſto'.

Thou hadſt not beſt buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
For altho' I am forlorn,
Yet I have thoſe will take my part,
If I do blow my horn.

Thou hadſt not beſt wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
Be'ſt thou never ſo much in haſte,
For I can draw a good broad ſword
And quickly cut the blaſt.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot, and that he would fain;
The ſtranger he bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To ſhoot, it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the one at the other,
The one of us muſt be ſlain.

But let's take our ſwords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood ſent the ſtranger a blow,
Moſt ſcared him out of his wits:
Thou never felt blow, the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quits.

The ſtranger then with a good broad ſword
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head
The blood it ran trickling down.

God-a-mercy good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
And for this thou haſt done,
Tell me good fellow, who thou art,
Tell me where thou do'ſt won.

The ſtranger then anſwer'd bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxfield-town I was born and bred.
My name is young Gamewell.

For killing of my father's ſteward,
Am forc'd to this Engliſh wood,
And for to ſeek an uncle of mine.
Some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a couſin of Robin Hood then?
The ſooner we ſhall have done:
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own ſiſter's ſon.

But lord what kiſſing and courting was there,
When theſe two couſins did meet!
And they went all that ſummer's day,
And Little John did not meet.

And when they met with Little John,
He then unto him did ſay;
O maſter, pray where have you been,
You have tarry'd ſo long away?

I met with a ſtranger, quoth Robin Hood,
Full ſore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may not be ſo;
For he is my own dear ſiſter's ſon.
And couſins I have no more.

But he ſhall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And ſcarlet he ſhall be.

And we'll be three of the braveſt outlaws
That live in the north country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the ſecond part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he went,
With valour and mickle might,
With ſword by his ſide, which oft had been try'd,
To fight, and recover his right.

The firſt that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His ſervant he ſaid he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove falſe unto me.

Thou haſt not been true to ſire or cuz,
Nay, marry, the Scot he ſaid,
As true as your heart, I'll never part,
Good maſter, be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turned his face to the eaſt,
Fight on my merry men ſtout;
Our caſe is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
And we ſhall not be beaten out.

The battle grew hot on every ſide,
The Scotchmen made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, geud faith they fight on each ſide,
Would I were with my wife Joan.

The enemy compaſs'd brave Robin about,
'Tis long e'er the battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are ſupply'd with friends.

This ſong it was made in Robin Hood's days;
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
And war may give place unto love.

XII.

Renowned Robin Hood; or, his famous Archery truly related, in the worthy Exploits he performed before Queen Catharine.

GOLD ta'en from the king's harbingers,
As ſeldom hath been ſeen,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a preſent to the queen.

If that I live one year to an end,
Thus did queen Catharine ſay;
Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,
As faſt as ſhe could wen:
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Partington.

Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me;
For thou muſt poſt to Nottingham,
As faſt as thou can'ſt dree;

And as thou go'ſt to Nottingham,
Search every Engliſh wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of bold Robin Hood.

Sometimes he walk'd, ſometimes he ran,
As faſt as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
There he took up his inn.

He calls for a bottle of Rheniſh wine,
And drinks a health to the queen,
Wiſhing he might now ſpeedly
Find out jolly Robin.

There ſet a yeoman by his ſide,
Who ſaid, ſweet page, tell me
What is thy buſineſs, and thy cauſe,
So far in the north country?

This is my buſineſs and my cauſe,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell me of Robin Hood.

I'll get my horſe betimes in the morn,
Be it by the break of day,
And I will ſhew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee,
Queen Catherine ſhe does greet you will,
She greets you well by me.

She bids you poſt to fair London court
Not fearing any thing;
For there ſhall be a little ſport,
And ſhe has ſent you her ring.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln-green,
And ſent it by this lovely page,
For a preſent to the queen.

In ſummer-time, when leaves grow green,
'Twas a ſeemly ſight to ſee,
How Robin Hood had dreſt himſelf
And all his yeomandree.

He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
And himſelf in ſcarle red;
Black hats, white feathers all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Lockley, ſaid the queen,
And all thy yeomandree.

Come hither, Tepus, ſaid the king,
Bow-bearer after me;
Come meaſure me out with the line,
How long our mark muſt be.

What is this wager? ſaid the queen,
For that I muſt know here;
Three hundred ton of Rheniſh wine,
Three hundred ton of beer,

Three hundred of the fatteſt harts,
That run on Dallen lee;
That's a princely wager, ſaid the queen,
That I muſt needs tell thee.

With that beſpoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full ſoon,
Meaſure no mark for us, moſt ſovereign liege,
We will ſhoot at ſun and moon.

Full fifteen ſcore your marks ſhall be,
Full fifteen ſcore ſhall ſtand:
I'll lay my bow, ſaid Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow wand.

With that the king's archers led about,
'Till it was three to one;
With that the ladies began for to ſhout,
Madam your game is gone.

A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cries,
I crave it on my knee,
Is there ever a knight of your privy council
On queen Catharine's ſide will be?

Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou ſprung'ſt from Gower's blood.

Come hither to me, thou biſhop of Herefordſhire,
For a noble prieſt was he;
By my ſilver mitre, ſaid the biſhop then,
I'll not bet one penny.

e king has archers of his own
Full ready and full right:
d theſe be ſtrangers every one
No man knows what they hight.

at wilt thou bet? ſaid Robin Hood,
Thou ſeeſt our game's the worſe;
my ſilver mitre, then ſaid the biſhop,
ll the money within my purſe.

at is in thy purſe? ſaid Robin Hood,
Now throw it on the ground;
ety-nine angels, ſaid the biſhop,
's near an hundred pound.

in Hood took his bag from his ſide,
nd threw it on the green;
l. Scarlet then went ſmiling away,
know who this money muſt win.

h that the king's archers led about,
While it was three to three;
h that the ladies gave a ſhout,
Woodcock, beware thy knee.

three to three now, ſaid the king,
he next three pays for all:
n Hood went and whiſper'd the queen,
he king's part ſhall be but ſmall.

Robin Hood did leap about,
ſhot it under hand;
Clifton with a bearing arrow,
clove the willow wand.

little Midge, the miller's ſon,
ſhot not much the worſe;
ot within a finger of the prick;
w biſhop, beware thy purſe.

on, a boon, queen Catharine cries,
ave it on my bare knee,
you will angry be with none
at is of my party.

They ſhall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to ſport and play,
Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, ſaid the queen,
And ſo is Little John,
And ſo is Midge the miller's ſon:
Thrice welcome every one,

Is this Robin Hood? the king then ſaid,
For it was told to me,
That he is ſlain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the biſhop then,
As it ſeems well to be;
Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me faſt to a tree,
And made me ſing a maſs, God wot
To him and his yeomandree.

What, and if I did, ſays Robin Rood,
Of that maſs I was full fain;
For recompence of that, he ſays,
Here's half thy gold again.

Now nay, now away, ſays Little John,
Maſter, that may not be,
We muſt give gifts to the kings officers;
That gold will ſerve thee and me.

XIII.

Robin Hood's Chace; or, a merry Progreſs betwee
Robin Hood and King Henry.

COME you gallants all, to you I call,
That are now within this place;
For a ſong I will ſing of Henry our king,
How he did hold Robin Hood chace.

Queen Catharine ſhe then a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred ton of wine,
And three hundred ton of beer:

But ſhe had her archers to ſeek,
With their bows and arrows ſo good;
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
To ſend for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
Queen Catharine ſhe did ſay,
Thou art welcome Lockſley, unto me,
And thou on my part muſt be.

If I miſs the mark, be it light or dark,
And all my yeomen gay,
Or a match of ſhooting I have made
Then hanged will I be.

But when the game came to be play'd,
Bold Robin won it with grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he wou'd him chace.

That tho' his pardon granted was,
While he with him did ſtay;
But yet the king was vex'd at him
When he was gone away.

Soon after the king from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
Come ſaid he, and let me ſee
Who can find bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he did hear,
The king had him in chace;
Then ſaid Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And that to another place.

And away they went to merry Sheerwood,
And into Yorkſhire he did hie.
And the king did follow with a hoop and a halló.
But could not him come nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he paſſed along,
And went ſtraight to Newcaſtle town,
And there they ſtaid hours two or three
And then he to Berwick was gone.

When the king did ſee how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wonderous ſore;
With a hoop and a hallo he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.

Come now let's away, ſaid Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'll hie, with our company,
And ſo then to Lancaſter.

From Lancaſter then to Cheſter he went,
And ſo did good king Henry;
But Robin went away, for he durſt not ſtay,
For fear of ſome treachery.

Says Robin come let us for London go,
To ſee our noble queen's face:
It may be ſhe wants our company,
Which makes the king us chace.

When Robin he came queen Catharine before,
He fell upon his knee;
If it pleaſe your grace, I am come to this place,
To ſpeak with king Henry.

Queen Catharine anſwer'd bold Robin again,
The king is gone to merry Sheerwood,
And when he went away to me he did ſay,
He would go and ſeek Robin Hood.

Then fare you well my gracious queen,
For to Sheerwood I'll hie apace;
For fain would I ſee what he'd have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vex'd in mind;
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame fortune unkind.
You're welcome home, queen Catharine cry'd,
Henry, my ſovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
Your perſon hath been to ſeek.
A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life and ſeek not ſtrife;
And ſo ends Robin Hood's chace.

XIV.

Robin Hood's Golden Prize. Shewing how he robb'd two Prieſts of five Hundred Pounds.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryar Tuck, and Will. Scarlet,
Lockſley, and maid Marrian.

But ſuch a tale as this before,
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
And from the wood is gone.

Like to a fryar bold Robin Hood
Was accoutred in his array:
With hood, gown, beeds, and cruciſix,
He paſſed upon the way.

He had not gone paſt miles two or three,
But it was his chance to eſpy,
Two luſty prieſts clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
Croſs you my hand with a ſingle groat,
For our dear lady's ſake.

For I have been wand'ring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now by our holy dame, the prieſts reply'd,
We never a penny have,
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money ſave.

I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
That you do both tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.

When as the prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And ſoon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horſe,
O ſpare us, fryar, the prieſt cry'd out,
On us have ſome remorſe.

You ſaid, you had no money, quoth Robin Hood,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down upon our knees,
And for money we will pray.

The prieſts they could not him gainſay,
But down they kneel with ſpeed:
Send us, O ſend us, then quoth they,
Some money to ſerve our need.

The prieſts did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
Whilſt Robin did merrily ſing.

When they had been praying for an hour's ſpace,
The prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then quoth Robin, now let us ſee
What money heaven hath us ſent.

We will be ſharers all alike
Of money that we have;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow ſhall deceive.

The prieſts there hands in the pockets put
But money could find none:
We will ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin Hood took pains to ſearch them
And found good ſtore of gold,
Five hundred pieces preſently
Upon the graſs he told.

Here is a brave ſhew, ſaid Robin Hood,
Such ſtore of gold to ſee,
And you each one ſhall have a part,
Becauſe you prayed ſo heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
And the reſt himſelf did keep:
The prieſts they durſt not ſpeak one word,
But ſighing wond'rous deep.

With that the prieſts roſe from their knees,
Thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, nay, ſaid Robin Hood, one thing more,
I'll have to ſay e'er you go:

You ſhall be ſworn, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy graſs,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way ſoever you do paſs.

The ſecond oath that you here muſt make,
That all the days of your lives,
You never ſhall tempt maids unto ſin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.

The laſt oath you ſhall take, is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say you met with a holy fryar,
And I deſire no more.

He ſet them on their horſes again,
And away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

XV.

Robin Hood reſcuing Will. Stutely from the Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Priſoner, and were going to hang him.

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood ſtood,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with ſpeed,
Tidings for certainty.

That Will. Stutely ſurprized was,
And eke in priſon lay;
Three varlets that the king had hired,
Did baſely him betray.

Ay, and to-morrow hanged muſt be,
To-morrow as ſoon as 'tis day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely ſlay.

When Robin Hood did hear this news,
Lord! it did grieve him ſore;
And to his merry men he did ſay,
Who all together ſwore.

That Will. Stutely ſhould reſcu'd be,
And be brought back again:
Or elſe ſhould many a gallant wight
For his ſake there be ſlain:

He cloathed himſelf in ſcarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer ſhow throughout the world
In no place could be ſeen.

Good lord! it was a gallant ſight
To ſee them all on a row;
With every man a good broad ſword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageouſly,
Reſolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the caſtle near,
Wherein Will. Stutely lay;
I hold it good, ſaid Robin Hood,
We here in ambuſh ſtay.

And ſend one forth ſome news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That ſtands under the caſtle-wall:
Some news he may declare.

With that ſteps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold;
Thus he did ſpeak to the old man,
I pray thee, palmer old.

Tell me, if thou can rightly ken,
When muſt Will. Stutely die,
Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,
And here doth priſoner lie.

Alas! alas! the palmer ſaid,
And for ever woe is me!
Will. Stutely hang'd will be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble maſter known,
He would ſome ſuccour ſend:
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full ſoon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young man ſaid;
Ay, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

No ſooner was he from the palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the caſtle Will. Stutely came,
Guarded on every ſide.

When he was forth from the caſtle come,
And ſaw no help was nigh;
Thus he did ſay unto the ſheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly;

Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
Grant me one boon, ſaid he;
For my noble maſter ne'er had man
That yet was hang'd on a tree.

Give me a ſword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But this deſire he would not grant,
His wiſhes were in vain;
For the ſheriff ſwore he hang'd ſhould be
And not by the ſword be ſlain.

Do but unbind my hands, he ſays,
I will no weapon crave;
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the ſheriff ſaid,
Thou ſhalt on the gallows die,
Ay, and ſo ſhall thy maſter too,
If ever it in me lie.

O daſtard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted peaſant ſlave!
If ever my maſter do thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy payment have.

My noble maſter doth thee ſcorn,
And all thy cowardly crew;
Such ſilly imps unable are
Bold Robin to ſubdue.

But when he was to the gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a buſh ſteps Little John,
And comes Will. Stutely to;

I pray thee Will. before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave,
I needs muſt borrow him awhile,
How ſay you, maſter ſhrieve?

Now, as I live, the ſheriff ſaid,
That varlet will I know:
Some ſturdy rebel is that ſame,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John moſt haſtily
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the ſheriff's men
A ſword twitch'd from his hands.

Here Will. take thou this ſame,
Thou can'ſt it better ſway;
And here defend thyſelf awhile,
For aid will come ſtraitway.

And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the midſt of them, that day,
'Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow from them flew,
I wiſt from Robin Hood;
Make haſte, make haſte, the ſheriff he ſaid,
Make haſte for it is not good.

The ſheriff is gone, and his doughty men
Thought it no boot to ſtay,
But, as their maſter had them taught,
They ran full faſt away.

O ſtay, O ſtay, Will. Stutely ſaid,
Take leave e're you depart:
You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unleſs you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, ſaid Robin Hood,
That you ſo ſoon are gone;
My ſword may in the ſcabbard reſt,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will. Stutely ſaid
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or ſeen my maſter's face.

Thus Stutely was at liberty ſet,
And ſafe brought from his foe;
O thanks, O thanks to my maſter,
Since here it was not ſo.

And once again, my fellows all,
We ſhall in the green wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſic for us moſt ſweet.

XVI.

The noble Fiſherman: Or, Robin Hood's Preferment.

IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I ſing this ſong.

When the lilly leaf, and cowſlip ſweet
Both bud and ſpring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood ſide,
And chaſing of the king's dear.

The fiſhermen brave, more money have,
Then any merchant, two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fiſherman may be.

This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
As they ſet under the green wood tree;
If any of you have gold to ſpend,
I pray you heartily ſpend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough,
It ſeems to be a very fine day:
He took up his inn, at a widow woman's houſe,
Hard by the waters gray.

Who aſked him, where wert thou born?
O tell me where thou doſt fare?
I am a poor fiſherman, ſaid he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

What is thy name, thou fine fellow?
I pray thee heartily tell to me?
In mine own country, where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the Lee.

Simon, Simon, ſaid the good wife,
I wiſh thou may'ſt well brook thy name,
The outlaw was aware of her courteſy,
And rejoiced he had got ſuch a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I'll give thee;
I have a good ſhip of my own,
As any that ſails upon the ſea.

Anchors and planks thou ſhalt want none,
Maſts and planks that are ſo long.
And if that thou wilt furniſh me,
Said Simon, nothing ſhall go wrong.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did ſail,
More of a day than two or three;
When others caſt in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the ſea caſt he.

It will be long, ſaid the maſter then,
E'er this great lubber do thrive on the ſea,
He ſhall have no ſhare in our fiſh,
For in truth he is in no part worthy.

O woe is me, ſaid Simon then,
This day that I ever came here,
I wiſh I were in Plumpton-park,
Chaſing of the fallow deer.

For every clown laughed me to ſcorn,
And by me ſets nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumpton-park,
I would ſet as little by them all.

They pluck'd up anchor and away did ſail,
More of a day than two or three;
But Simon 'ſpy'd a ſhip of war,
That ſail'd toward them vigorouſly.

O woe is me, ſaid the maſter then,
This day that ever I was born;
For all the fiſh that we have got,
Is every bit loſt and forlorn!

For theſe French robbers on the ſea,
They will not ſpare of us one man,
But carry us to the coaſt of France,
And lay us in a priſon ſtrong.

But Simon ſaid, do not fear them,
Neither, maſter, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boaſt;
If I ſhould caſt you over board,
There is but a ſimple lubber loſt.

Simon grey angry at theſe words,
And ſo angry then was he:
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ſhip hatch goeth he.

Maſter, tye me to the maſt, he ſaid
That at my mark I may ſtand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with might and main;
And ſtrait in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.

The Frenchmen fall down on the hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him eſpy'd,
The dead corpſe into the ſea did throw.

O maſter, looſe me from the maſt he ſaid,
And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.

Then ſtrait he boarded the French ſhip,
They lying all dead in their ſight;
They found within their ſhip of war
Twelve thouſand pounds of money bright.

The one half of the ſhip, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children ſmall;
The other half of the ſhip I'll give,
To you that are my fellows all.

But now beſpoke the maſter then,
For ſo, Simon, it ſhall not be;
For if you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you muſt be;

It ſhall be ſo as I have ſaid,
And with this gold for the oppreſt
An habitation will I build,
Where they ſhall live in peace and reſt.

XVII.

Robin Hood's Delight; or, a new Combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarlet, with three ſtout Keepers in Sheerwood Foreſt.

THERE's ſome will talk of lords and knights,
And ſome of yeomen good:
But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.

They were outlaws as it was well known,
And men of noble blood,
And many a time their valour was ſhown
In the foreſt of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
The paſtime for to ſee.

And as they walked the foreſt along,
Upon a midſummer's day,
There was he aware of three foreſters,
Clad all in green array.

With brave long falchions by their ſides,
And foreſt bills in their hands,
They called aloud to theſe outlaws,
And charged them to ſtand.

Why, who are you? cry'd bold Robin,
That ſpeak ſo boldly here;
We three belong to king Henry,
And keepers of his deer.

The devil you are, ſays Robin Hood,
I am ſure it is not ſo;
We be the keepers of this foreſt,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.

Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And ſo we will all three,
And take your ſwords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content the keepers ſaid,
We be three and no leſs,
Then, why ſhould we of you be afraid,
As we never did tranſgreſs?

Why, if you be keepers in this foreſt,
We be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood.

We be content thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know before you do go,
We will fight before we fly.

Then, come draw your ſwords you bold outlaws,
No longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it ſtrait with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myſelf for Robin Hood,
Becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore
It was on a midſummer day;
From eight of the clock, 'till two and paſt,
They all ſhew'd gallant play.

There Robin, Will, and Little John,
They fought moſt manfully,
'Till all their wind was ſpent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry:

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I ſee you be ſtout men;
Let me blow one blaſt on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.

That bargain is to make, Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blaſt upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on or elſe be gone,
And yield to us the day:
It never ſhall be ſaid that we are afraid
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.

If that be ſo, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the foreſt of merry Sheerwood,
I ſhall extol your fames.

And with our names one of them ſaid,
What haſt thou here to do?
Except thou wilt now fight it out,
Our names thou ſhalt not know.

We'll fight no more, ſays bold Robin Hood,
You be men of valour ſtout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a butt of ſack we will bang it about,
To ſee who wins the day;
And for the coſt make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay,

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love thoſe men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So away they went to Nottingham,
With ſack to make amends;
In three days they the wine did chace,
And drank themſelves good friends.

XVIII.

Robin Hood and the Beggar.

COME light and liſten, you gentlemen all,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a ſtory true I'll tell to you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment were,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw as many do know,
Which men call Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin was merry diſpos'd,
His time for to ſpend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.

Then he got up on a gallant ſteed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar
As e'er he beheld with his eye.

An old patch coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did uſe for to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

God ſpeed, God ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood then,
What countryman? tell unto me.
I am a Yorkſhire, ſir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me.

I have no money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood,
I am an outlaw as many do know,
My name is Robin Hood.

But yet I muſt tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I muſt try;
Thy coat of grey lay down I ſay,
And my mantle of green ſhall lie by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purſe.

The beggar he had a mickle long ſtaff,
And Robin he had a nut brown ſword;
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaſeth me,
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hardy and ſore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled 'till from Robin Hood's head
The blood it run trickling down.

O hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And thou and I will agree:
If that be true the beggar he ſaid,
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give unto me;
And this mantle of mine I'll to thee reſign,
My horſe and my bravery.

Then Robin had got the beggar's cloths,
He looked round about;
Methinks, ſaid he, I ſeem to be
A beggar brave and ſtout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another, for my corn:
I have one for ſalt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn,

And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the ſecond part it's behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His ſtaff and his coat ſcarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily paſſed he.

As Robin he paſſed the ſtreets along,
He heard a pitiful cry:
Three brethren dear as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the ſheriff's houſe,
Some relief for to ſeek;
He ſkipt and leap'd and caper'd full high,
As he went along the ſtreet.

But when to the ſheriff's houſe he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me
What is it thou would'ſt have?

No meat, nor drink, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is ſo clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd muſt be,
For ſtealing our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, ſaid Robin Hood then,
For certain they ſhall not die.

Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blaſts three,
'Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, maſter? ſaid they,
We are at thy command:
Shoot eaſt, ſhoot weſt, ſaid Robin, then,
And ſee you ſpare no man.

Then they ſhot eaſt, and they ſhot weſt,
Their arrows were ſo keen;
The ſheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be ſeen.

Then he ſtept to thoſe brethren three,
And away he has them ta'en;
The ſheriff he was croſt, and many a man loſt,
That lay dead on the plain.

And away they went to the merry green wood,
And ſung with a merry glee,
And Robin Hood took theſe three brethren good,
To be of his yeomandree.

XIX.

Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John; or, a Narrative of the Victory obtained againſt the Prince of Arragon and the two Giants; and how Will. Scarlet married the Princeſs.

NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, & Little John,
Are walking over the plain
With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet
With his ſtrong bow had ſlain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full faſt,
For tho' my nephew me a breakfaſt gave,
I have not broke my faſt.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my nephew, my bold yeoman,
Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.

With that he took the bugle horn,
Full well he could it blow:
Strait from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, ſtand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,
Lo the enemies are within ken:
With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
Crying, they are my bold yeomen.

Who when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd,
Crying, maſter, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is paſt and gone;
I would have you welcome, my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feaſting and ſporting they ſpent the day,
'Till Phœbus ſunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green wood
But Robin he was eſpy'd
Of a beautiful damſel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-ſuit was of ſable-hue black,
Cyprus over her face,
Through which her roſe-like cheeks did bluſh,
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cauſe, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
From whence thou com'ſt, and wether thou go'ſt,
All in this mournful blight?

From London I came, the damſel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circuled is, O grief to tell!
Beſieg'd with foreign arms.

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who ſwears by his martial hand,
To have the princeſs to his ſpouſe,
Or elſe to waſte this land.

Except the champion can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Againſt the prince and giants twain
Moſt horrid for to ſee;

Whoſe griſly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
Inſtead of feather'd plume.

The princeſs ſhall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and ſaid,
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damſels ſent abroad,
To the eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good,
To bring theſe champions forth:
But all in vain we have ſought about,
But none ſo bold there are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more:
On midſummer next, the damſel ſaid,
Which is in June twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And ſilent was her tongue;
With ſighs and ſobs ſhe took her leave,
And away her palfrey ſprung.

This news ſtruck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the graſs,
His actions and his troubled mind,
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will. Scarlet,
O maſter, tell to me;
If the damſel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cauſe my ſmart;
But 'tis the poor diſtreſs'd princeſs
That wounds me to the heart;
I'll go and fight the giants all,
To ſet the lady free.
The d—l take my ſoul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Muſt I ſtay behind? quoth Will. Scarlet,
No, no, that muſt not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we ſhall be three to three.

Theſe words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy ſhone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
With long ſtaves in our hands,
A ſcrip and bottle by our ſides,
As come from the Holy Lands.

So may we paſs along the highway,
None will aſk us from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or elſe ſome holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As faſt as they may ſped,
Yet for all their haſte, e're they arriv'd,
The princeſs forth was led,

So be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the liſt did ſtand,
Prepar'd to fight, or elſe receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he wallk'd about the liſt,
With giants by his ſide;
Bring forth, ſaid he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefix'd upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I ſwear by Alcaron.

Then cries the king, and queen likewiſe,
Both weeping as they ſpake,
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forſake.

With that ſtept out bold Robin Hood,
Cries, my liege, it muſt not be ſo;
Such beauty as the fair pinceſs
Is not for a tyrant's mow.

The prince he then begun to ſtorm,
Cries, fool, fanatick, baboon!
How dare you ſtop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant, Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.

And for thoſe two Goliahs there,
That ſtand on either ſide,
Here are two little Davids by
That ſoon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour ſend,
For lances, ſwords, and ſhields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching into the field.

The trumpets began to ſound a charge,
Each ſingled out his man;
Their arms in pieces ſoon were hew'd,
Blood ſprang from ever vein.

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He ſtruck with might and main,
Which made him reel about the field,
As though he had been ſlain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow
The quarrel ſhall ſoon be try'd,
This ſtroke ſhall ſhew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his ſhoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled ſore at Robin Hood,
To be ſo dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To ſee their prince lie dead;
Thou wilt be the next, ſays Little John,
Unleſs thou guard thy head.

With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and ſharp;
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will. Scarlet well had play'd his part,
The giant he brought to his knee;
Quoth Will. the devil cannot break his faſt,
Unleſs he have you all three.

So with his falchion he run him through,
A deep and ghaſtly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blaſphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the liſts with ſhouts were fill'd,
The ſkies they did reſound,
Which brought the princeſs to herſelf,
Who had fallen into a ſwoon.

The king and queen, and princeſs fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them farther grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus diſguiſed came,
Whoſe valour ſpeaks that noble blood,
Doth run thro' every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave;
By my crown, quoth the king I grant,
Aſk what and thou ſhalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green wood.
For Little John and Will. Scarlet,
And for me bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king;
For thy valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.

The princeſs I promis'd the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three;
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin; ſaid Little John,
Then little ſhare falls to me.

Then did the princeſs view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
Saying here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept moſt bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamewell.

Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, father, father, here,
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamewell,
You ſaid, you lov'd ſo dear.

But lord, what embracing and kiſſing was there,
When all theſe friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and ſo to the bedding,
And ſo I bid you good night.

XX.

Little John and the four Beggars.

ALL you that delight for to ſpend ſome time,
A merry ſong for to ſing,
Unto me draw near, and you ſhall hear
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
And all his yeomandree,
Says Robin ſome of you a begging muſt go,
And Little John, it muſt be thee.

Says John, if I muſt a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a ſtaff and a coat, and bags of all ſorts,
The better then ſhall I ſpeed.

Come now, give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheeſe,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may leeſe.

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for ſome relief,
But of all the beggers he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himſelf alone,
Four beggars he chanced to ſpy,
Some deaf, ſome blind, ſome came behind;
Says John, here is a brave company.

Good-morrow, ſaid John, my brethren dear
Good fortune I had you to ſee;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want ſome company.

O what is here to do? ſaid Little John:
Why ring all theſe bells? ſaid he,
What dog is hanging? come let us be ganging,
That we the truth may ſee.

Here is no dog, one of them ſaid,
Good fellow, I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, that will give us cheeſe and bread
And it may be one ſingle penny.

We have brethren in London, another ſaid,
So we have at Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crook'd carl like thee.

Therefore ſtand thee back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on the crown;
Nay, ſays Little John, I'll not be gone,
For a bout I will have of you round.

Now have at you all, ſaid Little John,
If you be ſo full of your blows,
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to roar,
And the blind that could not ſee;
And he that a cripple had been for ſeven years,
He made run faſter than he.

And flinging them all againſt the wall,
With many a ſturdy bang,
It made John to ſing, to hear the gold ring,
And againſt the walls cry twang.

Then he got out of the beggar's cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold;
Good fortune had I, ſaid Little John,
Such a ſight for to behold.

But found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three;
If I drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may I die.

And my begging trade I will now give o'er,
My fortune hath been ſo good:
Therefore I will not ſtay, but I will away
To the foreſt of merry Sheerwood;

And when to the foreſt of Sheerwood he came.
He quickly there did ſee
Bold Robin Hood, his maſter good,
And all his company.

What news? what news? ſaid Robin Hood;
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How haſt thou ſped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would ſee?

No news, but good, ſaid Little John,
With begging full well have I ſped;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee
In ſilver and gold ſo red.

When Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak-tree,
If we drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may we die.

So to conclude my merry new ſong,
All you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XXI.

Robin Hood and the Ranger.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the ſickles of ice,
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin Hood he would frolickſome be,
To ramble abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind
Whilſt through the green vallies he paſs'd,
Where did he behold a forreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, friend whither ſo faſt?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Beſides e'er I go, I 'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.

You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the forreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer,
Before you ſhall ſhoot, the thing I 'll diſpute,
For I am head forreſter here.

Theſe thirteen long ſummers, ſaid Robin, I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range, methinks it is ſtrange
You ſhould have more power than I.

This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too:
Therefore I declare and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.

The forreſter he had a long quarter-ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide;
Without more ado, he preſently drew,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a ſword of the beſt,
Thus e'er he would take any wrong,
His courage was fluſh, he'd venture a bruſh,
And thus they went to it ding dong,

The very firſt blow that the forreſter gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang:
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he ſoon did recover himſelf,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next ſtroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was ſlain.

At quarter-ſtaff then they reſolved to play
Becauſe they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly ſtood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as faſt,
At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoke;
Three hours the combat did laſt.

At length in a rage the bold forreſter grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his hand,
He ſaid let us freely give o'er;

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs muſt confeſs
I never know any ſo good;
Thou art fit to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou haſt acted thy part;
That man that can fight in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart,

Then Robin Hood ſetting his horn to his mouth
A blaſt he merrily blew:
His yeomen did hear, and ſtrait did appear,
A hundred with truſty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewiſe the reſt were glorioufly dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen!

Lo! theſe are my yeomen, ſays Robin Hood,
Thou ſhalt be one of the train:
A mantle and bow and quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight;
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.

What ſinging and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they ſpent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take of theſe cheriſhing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow:
Thus done the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the woods wide;
They all did declare and ſolemnly ſwear,
They'd conquer, or die by his ſide.

XXII.

Robin Hood and Little John.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly briſk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a luſty young man.

Tho he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his ſtature was ſeven foot high:
Where ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For ſoon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but liſten awhile,
For this very jeſt among all the reſt,
I think may cauſe you to ſmile.

For Robin Hood ſaid to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove,
And ſee that you all obſerve well his call,
While through the foreſt I rove.

We have had no ſport, theſe fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now ſhould I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will preſently blow.

Then did he ſhake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at preſent good-bye;
Then as near a brook his journey he took,
A ſtranger he chanc'd to eſpy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a gooſe wing:
The ſtranger reply', I'll liker thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the ſtring.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou doſt prate like an aſs,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could ſend a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou could'ſt ſtrike me one blow.

Thou tallk'ſt like a coward, the ſtranger reply'd;
Well arm'd with a long bow you ſtand,
To ſhoot at my breaſt, while I, I proteſt,
Have nought but a ſtaff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I ſcorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy ſake, a ſtaff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood ſtept to a thicket of trees,
And choſe him a ſtaff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the ſtranger and merrily ſpoke:

Lo! ſee my ſtaff is luſty and tough,
Now, here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
The battle and ſo we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the ſtranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out;
This ſaid, they fell to it without more diſpute,
And their ſtaffs they did flouriſh about.

At firſt Robin gave the ſtranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The ſtranger he ſaid, this muſt be repaid;
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a ſtaff,
To die in your debt, friend, I ſcorn,
Then to it both goes, and follow their blows,
As if they had been threſhing of corn.

The ſtranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which cauſed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more ſevere.

So thick and ſo faſt he did lay it on him,
With a paſſionate fury and ire;
At every ſtroke he made him to ſmoke.
As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the ſtranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look;
And with a blow, which laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
The ſtranger, in laughter, he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave ſoul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs muſt I ſay thou haſt got the day,
Our battle ſhall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did preſently wade,
And pull'd him out by a thorn;
Which done at the laſt he blew a loud blaſt
Straitway on his fine bugle horn:

The echo of which through the vallies did ring,
At which his ſtout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
So up to their maſter they ſteer'd.

O what is the matter? quoth Will Stutely,
Good maſter, you are wet to ſkin;
No matter, quoth he, the lad that you ſee
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He ſhall not go ſcot free, the others reply'd,
So ſtrait they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe; but Robin Hood cries,
He is a ſtout fellow, forbear.

There's no one ſhall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid
Theſe bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threeſcore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have my livery ſtrait,

And other accoutrements fitting alſo,
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you alſo the uſe of the bow,
To ſhoot at the fat fallow deer.

O here is my hand, the ſtranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name ſhall be alter'd, quoth Will. Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They preſently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming ſtrong liquor likewiſe:
They lov'd what was good; ſo in the green wood
This pretty ſweet babe they babtiz'd.

He was I muſt tell you but ſeven feet high,
And may be an ell in the waiſt;
He was a ſweet lad; much feaſting they had,
Bold Robin the chriſtening grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which ſtood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then with ſeven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.

This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name ſhall be changed anon;
The words we'll tranſpoſe; ſo wherever he goes,
His name ſhall be call'd Little John.

They all with a ſhout made the elements ring,
So ſoon as the office was o'er,
To feaſting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled ſtrong liquors gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty ſweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to toe
In garments of green moſt gay to be ſeen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

Thou ſhalt be an archer as well as the beſt,
And range in the green wood with us,
Where we will not want gold nor ſilver, behold,
While biſhops have ought in their purſe.

We live here like 'ſquires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feaſt on good chear, with wine, ale, and beer,
And every thing at our command.

Then muſic and dancing did finiſh the day,
At length, when the ſun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And ſo ever after, as long as they liv'd,
Although he be proper and tall,
Yet nevertheleſs, the truth to expreſs,
Still Little John they did him call.

XXIII.

The Biſhop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnſdale.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And ſome of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how they ſerv'd the biſhop of Here-
When he robb'd him of his gold. [ford,

As it befell in merry Barnſdale.
And under the green wood tree,
The biſhop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come kill a ven'ſon ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer,
The biſhop of Hereford is to dine with me to day,
And he ſhall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And dreſs it by the highway ſide.
And we will watch the biſhop narrowly,
Leſt ſome other way he ſhould ride.

Robin Hood dreſs'd himſelf in ſhepherd's attire,
With ſix of his men alſo;
And when the biſhop of Hereford came by
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then ſaid the biſhop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do;
Or why do you kill the king's ven'ſon
When your company is ſo few?

We are ſhepherds, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And we keep ſheep all the year,
And we are diſpoſed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows, ſaid the biſhop,
And the king of your doings ſhall know,
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordſhip's coat
To take ſo many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, ſays the biſhop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before the king you ſhall go.

Then Robin he ſet his back againſt a tree,
And his foot againſt a thorn,
And from underneath his ſhepherd's coat,
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till threeſcore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row;

All making obeyſance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely ſight to ſee,
What is the matter, maſter? ſaid Little John,
That you blow ſo haſtily?

O here is the biſhop of Hereford,
And no pardon we ſhall have;
Cut of his head, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, ſaid the biſhop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone ſome other way.

No pardon, no pardon, ſaid Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte and come along with me,
For to merry Barnſdale you ſhall go.

Then Robin he took the biſhop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnſdale,
He made him to ſtay and ſup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, ſaid the biſhop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high;
Lend me your purſe, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the biſhop's cloak,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmanteau
He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And a comely ſight 'tis to ſee;
It makes me in charity with the biſhop,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood tooke the biſhop by the hand,
And he cauſed the muſic to play;
And he made the biſhop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could ſo get away.

XXIV.

Robin Hood reſcuing the three Squires from Nottingham gallows.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the foreſt all round,
The foreſt all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin, he ſaid,
What weep you for gold or fee,
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee,
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body?

What weep you for then? ſaid jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me:
Oh! I do weep for my three ſons,
For they are all condemned to die.

What church have they robb'd, ſaid jolly Robin,
Or pariſh prieſt have they ſlain?
What maids have they forced againſt their will,
Or with other man's wives have lain?

No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
Nor pariſh prieſt have they ſlain;
No maids have they forced againſt their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.

What have they done then? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell me moſt ſpeedily;
Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.

Get you home, get you home, ſaid jolly Robin,
Get you home moſt ſpedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the ſake of the 'ſquires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway,

What news, what news, thou old beggar-man,
What news come tell unto me?
O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham,
For the death of the 'ſquires all three.

This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no diſgrace
To be in the beggar-man's ſtead.

Come pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou ſhalt put on mine,
And forty good ſhillings I'll give thee to boot,
Beſides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet witth great maſter ſheriff,
And likewiſe the 'ſquires all three.

One boon, one boon, ſays jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That as for the death of theſe three 'ſquires,
Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, ſoon granted, ſays maſter ſheriff,
Soon granted unto to thee;
And you ſhall have all their gay cloathing,
Ay, and all their white money.

O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blaſts on my bugle horn,
That their ſouls to heaven may flee.

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows ſo high,
Where he blow loud and ſhrill,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching down the green hill.

Whoſe men are theſe? ſays maſter ſheriff,
Whoſe men are they, tell unto me?
O they are mine, but none of thine,
And are come for the 'ſquires all three.

O take them, O take them, ſays great maſter ſheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man, in fair Nottingham,
Can do the like of thee.

XXV.

The King's Diſguiſe, and Friendſhip with Robin Hood.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd and more deſir'd,
To ſee both him and them.

Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode:
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having ſtaid there ſome time,
But had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood, prepared ſtood,
All company to aſſail.

The king was higher than the reſt,
And Robin thought he had,
An abbot been whom he had ſeen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horſe by the head,
Abbot, ſays he, abide;
I am bound to rue ſuch knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are meſſengers from the king,
The king himſelf did ſay;
Near to this place his royal grace,
To ſpeak with thee does ſtay.
God ſave the king, ſaid Robin Hood,
And all that wiſh him well;
He that does deny his ſovereignty,
I wiſh he was in hell.

Thyſelf thou curſeſt ſaid the king,
For thou a traytor art:
Nay, but that you are his meſſenger,
I ſwear you lie in heart;
For I never yet hurt any man
That honeſt is and true;
But thoſe who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.
I never hurt the huſbandman,
That uſe to till the ground:
Nor ſpill their blood, that range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefeſt ſpite to clergy is,
Who in theſe days bear ſway;
With fryars and monks, with their fine ſprunks,
I make my chiefeſt prey.

But I am very glad ſays Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Come before we end, you ſhall my friend,
Taſte of our green wood cheer.
The king he then did marvel much,
And ſo did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horſe by the head,
And led him to the tent:
Thou would not be ſo us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee ſent;

Nay more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's ſake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row.

And went they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee,
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a ſeemly ſight to ſee.

Within himſel the king did ſay,
Theſe men of Robin Hood's
More humble be, than mine to me,
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Moſt curious to be ſeen.

Veniſon and fowls were plenty there,
With fiſh out of the river:
King Richard ſwore, on ſea or ſhore,
He never was feaſted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale,
Come let us now begin;
And every man ſhall have his cann,
Here's a health unto the king.

The king himſelf drank to the king,
So round about it went;
Two barrels of ale, both ſtout and ſtale,
To pledge that health was ſpent.

And after that a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood,
Untill I die, I'll drank wine, ſaid he,
While I live in the green wood.

Bend all your bows, ſaid Robin Hood,
And with the grey gooſe wing,
Such ſport now ſhow, as you would do
In the preſence of the king.

They ſhewed ſuch brave archery,
By cleaving ſtick and wands,
That the king did ſay, ſuch men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then ſays the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To ſerve the king in every thing,
Would'ſt thou thy mind firm ſet?

Yes with all my heart, bold Robin ſaid,
So they flung off their hoods,
To ſerve the king in every thing,
They ſwore they would ſpend their blood.

For a clergyman was firſt my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you'll be ſo kind to me,
Love them again I ſhall.

I am the king, thy ſovereign king,
That appears before you all.
When Robin ſaw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again then ſaid the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give,
Stand up my friend, who can contend,
When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All ſhouting as they came;
But when the people them did ſee,
They thought the king was ſlain.

And for that cauſe the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they liſt;
And for to ſhun, which way to run,
The people did not wiſt.

The plowman left the plow in the fields,
The ſmith ran from his ſhop;
Old folks alſo, that ſcarce could go,
Over their ſticks did hop.

The king ſoon did let them underſtand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day for evermore
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then the people they did hear,
And the truth was known;
They all did ſing God ſave the king,
Hang care, the town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid the ſheriff,
That varlet I do hate,
Both me and mine he cauſed to dine,
And ſerv'd all with one plate.

Ho, ho, ſaid Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
Come take your gold again,
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And ſo with every man.

Now maſter ſheriff you are paid,
And ſince you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it ſhould pleaſe the king,
So much your houſe to grace;
To ſup with you for to ſpeak true,
Know you ne'er was baſe.

The ſheriff could not gainſay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A ſupper was dreſt, the king was a gueſt,
But he thought 'twould have undone him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer
And now he's there again.

XXVI.

Robin Hood and the golden Arrow.

WHEN as the ſheriff of Nottingham,
Was come with mickle grief;
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That ſtrong and ſturdy thief.

So unto London road he paſt,
His loſſes to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what ſhall I do?
Art thou not ſheriff for me;
The law is in force, to take thy courſe
Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyſelf
Deviſe ſome tricking game,
For to enthrall yon rebels all,
Go take thy courſe with them.

So away the ſheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
To paſs might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagined,
That when ſuch matches were,
Thoſe outlaws ſtout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver white,
Who won the day ſhould bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree;
Come prepare you then my merry men,
We'll go yon ſport to ſee:

With that ſtept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaſter,
Maſter, ſaid he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not ſtir.

To tell truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The ſheriff I wiſs deviſes this,
Us archers to beguile.

Thou ſmells of a coward, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy words do not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my ſkill,
At yon brave archery.

O then beſpoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come liſten to me how it ſhall be,
That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all, ſo ſeveral,
They ſhall not us perceive.

One ſhall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in diſguiſe, in the exerciſe
We'll gang whate'er inſue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and ſtout,
Reſolving with the ſheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.

So themſelves they mixed with the reſt,
To prevent all ſuſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold,
They thought it no diſcretion.

So the ſheriff looking round about,
Amongſt eight hundred men,
But could not ſee the ſight that he,
Had long ſuſpected then.

Some ſaid, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could paſs theſe men,
So bravely they do ſhoot.

Ay, quoth the ſheriff, and ſcratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
He durſt not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood:
E'er long, thought he, thou ſhalt well ſee
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried blue Jacket, another cried brown,
And a third cried brave yellow;
But the fourth man ſaid, yon man in red;
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himſelf,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At ev'ry ſhot the prize he got,
For he was both ſure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver white,
Brave Robin Hood won and bore with him,
For his own proper right.

Theſe outlaws there that very day,
To ſhun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no leſs nor more,
As they went in came out.

Until they all aſſembled were
Under the green wood ſhade,
Where they relate in pleaſant ſport
What brave paſtime they made.

Says Robin Hood, all my care is
How that yon ſheriff may
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, my counſel good
Did take effect before;
So therefore now if you'll allow,
I will adviſe once more.

This I adviſe, ſaid Little John,
That a letter ſhall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the ſheriff ſhall ſend.

That is well adviſed, ſaid Robin Hood,
But how muſt it be ſent?
Pugh! when you pleaſe it's done with eaſe,
Maſter, be you content.

I'll ſtick it on my arrow's head,
And ſhoot it into the town,
The mark muſt ſhow where it muſt go,
Whenever it lights down.

The project it was well perform'd,
The ſheriff the letter had,
Which when he read he ſcratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in the greaſe,
Which will do him no good:
Now, my friends attend and hear the end
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

XXVII.

Robin Rood and the valiant Knight;

Together with an Account of his Death & Burial, &c.

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his biſhops and noble peers.

Therefore they called a council of ſtate,
To know what was to be done,
For to quell their pride, or elſe they reply'd
The land would be over-run.

Having conſulted a whole ſummer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the event,
And fetch him away with ſpeed.

Therefore a truſty and worthy knight
The king was pleaſed to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleaſure all.

Go from thence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud elf
Shall ſuffer with all his crew.

Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
All choſen men of might,
Of excellent art for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright,

Then ſaid the knight, my ſovereign liege,
By me they ſhall be led;
I'll venture my blood againſt Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were choſen ſtrait,
As proper as ever men ſaw:
On midſummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and ſhining ſpears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or ſtay'd
'Till they came to the green wood ſide.

Said he to his archers, tarry here
Your bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
And ſee that you obſerve my call.

I'll go in perſon firſt, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not draw one ſtring.

He wander'd about 'till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood,
The letter he ſhows; bold Robin aroſe,
And there on his guard he ſtood.

They'd have me ſurrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then:
But tell them from me, that never ſhall be,
While I have full ſeven ſcore men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
Did offer to ſeize him then,
Which William Lockſley by fortune did ſee,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blaſt or twain,
And ſo did the knight, at which there in ſight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin we find, he was not behind;
Now this was a bloody fray:

The archers on both ſides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very firſt flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheleſs their fight did laſt
From morning till almoſt noon;
Both parties were ſtout, and loth to give out:
This was on the laſt of June.

At length they went off; one party they went
For London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green wood,
And there he was taken ill.

He ſent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not time to ſtay.

Some went on board, and croſs'd the ſeas,
To Flanders, France and Spain,
And others to Rome for fear of their doom,
But ſoon return'd again.

Thus he that never fear'd bow nor ſpear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood,
And ſo loving friends, the ſtory doth end
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
Which reader, here you have,
To this very day read it you may,
As it was upon his grave.

Robin Hood's Epitaph. Set on his Tomb by the Prioreſs of Birkſlay Monaſtery, in Yorkſhire.

ROBIN, Earl of Huntingdon,
Lies under this little ſtone;
No archer was like him ſo good;
His wildneſs nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirteen years, and ſomething more,
Theſe northern parts he vexed ſore.
Such outlaws as he and his men
May England never know again.

FINIS.